



FOUNDLING "ANNIE WILSON," HER CLOTHES, NEW HOME AND VISITORS.

Abandoned Saturday night in the area of No. 4 East Forty-third street, she was found before the cold had injured her, and is now in Bellevue Hospital. Her beauty, sweetness and the fine clothing found with her have aroused the interest of many women who long to take the place of the mother who deserted her.

REGAL WARDROBE LEFT WITH A WAIF.

Beautiful Little Stranger Was
Robbed in the Costliest
of Raiment.

Was Wrapped in Satins and Val-
uable Lace Was Sewed
on Her Garments.

The Mother Who Abandoned the In-
fant First Furnished Her with
a Complete Outfit.

BLUE BLOOD IN THE CHILD'S VEINS.

Scores of Aristocratic Women Propose
to Adopt Her and She Will Prob-
ably Be Given to Mrs.
Newkirk.

Scores of handsomely dressed women, one of them accompanied by their hus-
bands, have visited Ward No. 31, at Bel-
levue Hospital since Saturday night, to look
at the patrician infant girl who was aban-
doned Friday night in the area of No. 4
East Forty-third street, one of the most
fashionable sections of the city. Many of
the women have pleaded to be allowed to
adopt the child. All have been told that
certain formalities must be observed.

The baby is really a most remarkable
bunting. She is about six weeks old, and
a prettier than any mere picture of infan-
tile loveliness that could be sketched or
minted. In the first place, she seems to

have a disposition that is angelic. It belongs
of such slight experience in this vale of
tears can be said to have developed char-
acteristics either human or divine. She
sleeps most of the time, as all babies do,
but in her slumbers she smiles as if her
dreams were of a Fairy-Wonderland.

It is the sweet disposition, perhaps, that
gives to the infant the angelic expression
that illumines her face even when she
sleeps. And when she wakes, and opens
wide those soft black eyes, she smiles again,
and then she is sweeter still. She is of
gentle antecedents—of that there can be no
doubt.

IN PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

Even if the lovely little waif had not
been found attired in baby clothes of the
finest texture she would be selected from
a whole host of babies as one descended
from the "upper" world. Her hair is very
dark and her eyes are as black and bright
as those of a Samson. Those eyes are
large and wide apart and are surrounded
by arching brows. They are eyes that
even now, are of the kind that reach all
hearts capable of feeling emotion.

The baby's hair is abundant, soft and
glossy; her ears are of perfect shape, and
set very closely to her head, and her upper
lip has the Cupid's bow, so beloved by
artists. She is a little patrician, and it
was meet, as the mother thought, perhaps,
that she should be found in a part of the
great city where there are aristocratic
homes.

No plebeian mother could have provided
such rich apparel for her offspring, and, it
may be said, it must have been a very ex-
traordinary mother who could have deserted
her child so cruelly.

The clothing in which the baby was
garbed when found consists of a cream
white cashmere cloak, lined with satin and
richly embroidered in silk. The collar is
outlined with silk braid and underneath it
falls an ornamental yoke of point lace.

Baby's cap was a dainty one of white
silk. Around the crown is a border of silk
stitching, a fluffy pompon of Valenciennes
lace adorns it, and bows of white ribbon

fall on opposite sides. An embroidered
veil extends across the top, and broad rib-
bon silk strings tie it under the chin.

Baby's robe is a little Mother Hubbard
frock of exquisitely fine nainsook, hand-
somerly trimmed in ruffles of lace and em-
broidered.

Finest flannel was used in making the
skirt, and great care taken by some skillful
needlewoman in embroidering the delicate
fern design chosen as a mode of decoration.
A petticoat of sheerest linen cambric is
prettily tucked, while insertions of lace
alternate to the depth of ten inches above
the embroidery frill at the bottom.

An undershirt of knitted wool is a little
bit of a garment, satin bound, white, soft
and warm, the texture as fine and delicate
as the most aristocratic mother could
desire.

INSPECTED BY MANY VISITORS.

So much for the baby and her clothes.
Now for her visitors.

Probably a hundred women, nearly all
of them dressed in a manner to indicate pros-
perity, if not extreme wealth, have in-
spected the waif since Saturday. Not
one was able to identify the child, but not
one failed to make application for her
adoption.

A man and his wife who said that they
had the misfortune to be childless called
at the hospital to see the waif at 3 p. m.
yesterday. The woman had looked at the
child but a moment when her chain began
to quiver.

"Oh, Joe!" she cried, "do get her for me.
I could love her so!"

The husband was a large man, of good-
natured countenance, smooth-shaven and
good-looking. His own eyes were suffused
with tears, as he bent over the lovely waif
and his voice trembled as he said:

"All right. It's a good thing."

The nurse told them, however, that they
would have to make a formal application
to Superintendent Blake, of the Charities
Department, and they left with the inten-
tion of complying with the legal require-
ments for adoption at once.

Another woman, who refused to give her
name, but whose rich apparel and aristoc-
ratic bearing indicated that she belongs
to the upper strata of society, became al-
most hysterical when she looked at the
most beautiful child she had ever seen. She
thought the child resembled
one that she had lost years before, and
would have taken it away then and there,
if she could. But the necessity of pro-
ceeding formally was impressed upon her,
and she left saying that she would go at
once to Superintendent Blake's office.

WOMEN WERE ENTHUSIASTIC.

Dozens of richly attired women bent over
the cot on which the waif lay, and became
enthusiastic in their comments as to her
beauty. The hospital authorities, accus-
tomed to receiving waifs almost every day,
marveled somewhat at the emotion of the
aristocratic visitors at first, but, after a
while, became interested themselves. Then
they took off the child the common but
neat hospital regulation garb, and clothed
her in a linen gown with a lace yoke that
the nurse said had come from one of the
officers of the institution.

Superintendent Blake, who on Saturday
named the waif Annie Wilson, received
yesterday a number of applications from
people who wished to adopt the babe. He
was compelled, under the regulations, to
ask them all to present references as to
their respectability and responsibility. He
will probably give the waif to Mrs. New-
kirk, of Jersey City, who was the first ap-
plicant. One of yesterday's applicants was
the Mayor of Bridgeport, Conn.

The mother who deserted so beautiful a
babe so cruelly, not knowing whether it
would be found before it froze to death,
must have an extremely cold heart, or else
she was influenced by exceedingly distress-
ful circumstances.

THE REFINED APPEARANCE OF THE CHILD.

The refined appearance of the child, its
rich apparel and the aristocratic neigh-
borhood in which it was found have led
the police and others interested in the case to
believe that the waif is the offspring of
wealthy parents. Even the circumstances
of the discovery encourage this belief.

No. 4 East Forty-third street, in the area
of which the babe was found by Joseph
Dobrowski, butler for Drs. Nichols and
Behrens, who live there, is a fine brown-
stone residence, and for blocks around the
babe's home are those of the wealthiest peo-
ple of the metropolis. The homes of the As-
tors and Vanderbilts are almost within
stone's throw.

Police Captain O'Brien sent two detec-
tives out on the case Saturday, but they
have not been able to discover any new
to the parents of the aristocratic waif.

It is generally believed that the child is
the offspring of some young woman in good
circumstances who abandoned her to save
her reputation and provided her with rich
apparel, and left her in an aristocratic
neighborhood in the hope that she would
find a good home.

Be that as it may, the abandonment was
an act of extreme cruelty. The night was
very cold and the child would undoubtedly
have perished had it not been accidentally
discovered by the butler. If it is not
adopted to-morrow it will be sent to the
foundling asylum on Randall's Island.
Even that, however, will be but a matter
of form, for within a day or two the waif
will have a home in which it will be cher-
ished with loving care.

STERN TO BE EXTRADITED.

The Fugitive Arrested in Halifax and Held
to Await the Arrival of New
York Officers.

Halifax, N. S., March 16.—Judge Town-
send, of the Supreme Court, this morning
issued a warrant under the extradition act
summoning Charles Stern, the New York
fugitive, to appear before him forthwith to
answer to the charge of grand larceny.
The information was laid by Detective
Hower, who charged Stern with obtaining
\$1,400 under false pretences from C. B.
Richards & Co., of New York.

Stern was arrested this afternoon and
taken before Judge Townsend, who re-
manded him until Wednesday awaiting the
arrival of New York officers.

MILN CHANGES HIS BILL.

The Preacher-Tragedian Forsakes Shake-
speare for Tom Taylor's Drama,
"A Fool's Revenge."

George C. Miln, the tragedian and ex-
Unitarian minister, made a hurried change
of programme last night, and retired
"Julius Caesar" in favor of "A Fool's Re-
venge," at the Broadway Theatre. He gave
an earnest and impressive impersonation of
Bartolomeo, the jester, save that at times he
betrayed a tendency to rant beyond the
limits of the part.

It is only natural, perhaps, that Mr.
Miln's performance should be compared
with that of the late Edwin Booth, and
by such comparison the former suffers
greatly. Judged on his own merits Mr.
Miln is seen to much better advantage than
as Marc Anthony. There are fewer oppor-
tunities for exhaustive declamation and
his tendencies to orate are held in check.

Miss Shaw, as the jester's daughter, was
rather weak. She recited her lines in much
of a sing-song fashion, with seemingly no
proper appreciation of their value. She is
really a clever and capable actress, but
appeared to be laboring under some spell
last night.

Messrs. Charters and Hart, as plotting
noblemen, were fairly efficient. Mr. Pow-
ers, as the love-lorn poet, was eminently
satisfactory. He seemed to feel the part
he assumed, a virtue which his fellow

THEY STOLE THE HEARSE.

John Meehan and a Gay Com-
panion Thought They Were
Having a Good Time.

After Assisting to Violate the Excise
Law, They Ran Away with Under-
taker Murphy's Equipage.

THEN ENGAGED IN A GREWSOME RIDE.

The Vehicle Was Wrecked in Water Street,
but Neither of the Occupants Were
Injured—Ward Escape of an
Intoxicated Pair.

There is a man in this town, who went
out from his home on Sunday afternoon to
get a drink. His name is John Meehan. He
lives at No. 37 Stanton street.

There is another man in this town who
went and did exactly the same thing. His

name is Ed. The police are looking for Ed.

They have John.

Where these men got it is neither here

nor there. That is a matter that lies en-
tirely between Commissioner Roosevelt and
his conscience. But they got it. In fact,
they got nothing but it.

How long it took them to get it or what

they wanted it for are also minor details.
Suffice it that at 5 o'clock on Sunday after-
noon they had it, and the residents of
Cherry street, who are connoisseurs in those
matters, agreed that it was par excellence;
a number 1, "out of sight."

The strange thing about it is that they

got it separately.

Ed went wandering in one direction, and

John took a census in another. But finally
they met.

It was on the sidewalk in front of No.
138 Cherry street. Somebody had died in
the house, and an undertaker's wagon with
a black cloth coffin in it stood before the
door. The driver was in the house.

They had never met before, but they saw
at once that a bond of sympathy existed
between them.

"See a hearse?" said Ed.

"Is it yours?" asked John.

"No. Skittin'!"

"Wassat?"

"Skittin'!"

"Che talkin' about?"

"Skittin' Chummersan me! Let's, eh,
lesh, get it, get it, in. Skittin' Shee?"

John got in. Ed.

"G'zap!" cried Ed.

"Hiddim again!" yelled John.

The horse, unaccustomed to such bold
terous commands, gave one terrified bound
and plunged madly down Cherry street.
The boys in the street yelled and threw
snow balls at the wagon. Ed pilled the
whip, and John kept crying:

"Hiddim again! G'zap! G'zap!"

They turned into Water street, where
there is but little traffic at that hour. The
few people who were abroad stopped to
amusement to see an undertaker's wagon
flying so furiously over the stones. The
tailboard had become loosened, and the
coffin stuck out behind.

"Hoop-la!" yelled John. "G'zap!"

They turned into James slip. It was a
sharp curve, the wagon gave a slipper-
crash! The wagon had upset. The horse
was one of those animals that quickly
adapt themselves to circumstances—finding
that it was hard work to pull a wagon
along on its side, came to a standstill. Ed
and John had been spilled into the street.
Hurt? Not a scratch. They arose, gave
one look at the scene of wreckage, and
then, arm in arm, with an expression of
great dignity upon their faces, walked
away. The coffin stuck out at the end
of the wreck.

After fifteen minutes or so the police
came along to find and clear it.

They read the name of "P. J. Murphy,
Undertaker, 63 Madison street," upon the
wagon's side. They notified Mr. Murphy
to come to his wagon.

"Two blokes wild jags on swiped it," said
the boys.

"Is that so?" mused Mr. Arnhem. Those
were not his exact words, but that, in a
moderate degree, was their effect. He ran
through the streets until he found his
wagon.

"Do you know who ran off with it?"
asked the police.

"I have not that knowledge," replied Mr.
Arnhem. Here again it is necessary to
call attention to the fact that the exact
language of Mr. Arnhem is not reported
here. That lies entirely between him and
the recording angel.

Ed, John, however, was
foolish enough to begin a search for him,
and in the midst of his inquiries the police
came upon him. They locked him up.

"When John was sober yesterday he was
brought to the Centre Street Police Court.
"Your Honor," he explained, "I-I don't
remember it, but I did yesterday.
The fact is, I was full."
"Is that so?" said the Magistrate in great
surprise.

John was held in \$300 for malicious mis-
chief.

LIEUT. LANG AWAITS ORDERS.

Doesn't Want to Resign, but is Still Ner-
vous and Seeks Rest.

Glenham, N. Y., March 16.—Lieutenant
Lang and his wife and child have reached
their home here, where they will reside
until he hears officially what disposition has
been made of his case by the Government.

Lang says that he has no desire to leave
the army. All he wishes is a leave of ab-
sence for a perfect rest and so recover
from his nervous state.

It is stated that Lizzie Sloan, the mys-
terious housekeeper, who caused such a
sensational inquiry to come back and
apologize to Lieutenant Lang. Lizzie is
now working in a carpet factory at Yon-
kers, N. Y.